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L E O N O R A,

A N

E L E G Y

O N T H E

DEATH of a YOUNG LADY.

Flebilis indignos, Elegeïa, solve capillos ;
Ah nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit !

OVID.

L O N D O N :

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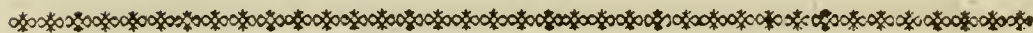
THE Loss of a very amiable young Lady, at an early Period of Life, for whom the Author had conceived the tenderest Esteem, occasioned the following Stanzas; which demand the Reader's utmost Indulgence, being the wild Effusions of disappointed Love, and of sorrowing Friendship.



L E O N O R A,

A N

E L E G Y.



I.

HOW vain! to think that PLEASURE most refin'd
Thro' LIFE's fantastic Vision can remain,
How vain! to hope that VIRTUE here confin'd
Will all its cloudless Lustre long retain.

II.

Shou'd VIRTUE's Beams warm some distinguish'd Soul,
On Earth, alas! how transient is its Stay:
Scorning indignant VICE's rude Controul;
It flies to Realms of brighter, purer Day.

B

III.

III.

Yet LOVE, and FRIENDSHIP sure the Loss must grieve ;

The Tear, a Tribute to our Grief ! must flow :

Still can the plaintive MUSE oft-time relieve,

With soothing Strains, the Heart oppress'd by WOE.

IV.

Twice has the SUMMER cloath'd these Meads with green,

And WINTER robb'd them twice of their Array ;

Since LEONORA cheer'd this fadden'd Scene,

And taught the fleeting MOMENTS to be gay.

V.

While bright-ey'd YOUTH yet bade her Spirits flow,

While BEAUTY's Tints were on her Cheeks display'd :

DEATH unrelenting struck the fatal Blow ;

And seiz'd his VICTIM, my lamented MAID !

VI.

What Guilt, STERN TYRANT! caus'd thee to destroy
Charms that had just, but just attain'd their Prime?
Why blast a PARENT's Hope, a LOVER's Joy?
Why urge with fatal Speed the Shaft of TIME?

VII.

Clos'd are those Eyes, whose ELOQUENCE reveal'd
The genuine Feelings of the faithful Breast;
Eternal SILENCE has for ever seal'd
Those Lips, which late sweet Harmony possess:

VIII.

How cold is now that sympathizing Heart,
Which bled so oft at SORROW's soft Distress;
The tender Wish no more shall it impart,
No more shall WANT its friendly Warmth confess.

IX.

Each rich Endowment of the perfect Soul

Was L E O N O R A's ; Hers each winning Grace ;

Hers were those social VIRTUES, that controul

By Laws of gentlest Kind the HUMAN RACE.

X.

The choicest Gifts, that NATURE cou'd bestow,

On her were lavish'd—in her polish'd Mind

Each native Spark, that GENIUS taught to glow,

Fair EDUCATION brighten'd and refin'd.

XI.

Let CYNIC PRIDE, with vain Conceit, pretend

That in the Female Breast WORTH ne'er abides ;

Let it the Convent's fraudulent Gloom commend,

And there suppose cold CHASTITY resides.

XII.

The cloister'd NUN, within her hallow'd Cell,
May lift devout her dewy Eyes to HEAV'N ;
May Vigils keep, and in Retirement dwell ;
But still cares that SIN she prays forgiv'n.

XIII.

Not blameful thus were LEONORA's Fires :
Her Bosom felt AFFECTION's warmest Ray ;
It felt the Force of PASSIONS, and DESIRES ;
Yet These subdued to REASON's rightful Sway.

XIV.

At early Dawn how oft we trod the Mead
With Dew impearl'd, or stray'd beside yon Stream ;
Oft to the Shelter of the mid-wood Shade
We fled, to shun the Noon-tide's fultry Beam.

XV.

When EVE had wrapt with dusky Veil the Sky,
And stol'n th' expiring Landscape from our View ;
What time her Hand-maid, CYNTHIA, might be nigh,
To weave with filv'ry Brede her Mantle's blue :

XVI.

To yon lov'd Bow'rs how oft we bent our Walk,
Inhaling Fragrance from each rural Sweet ;
While the light MINUTES were beguil'd with Talk,
While the fond Violets kifs'd our wand'ring Feet.

XVII.

As o'er each blisful Haunt we wont to roam,
Far from AMBITION'S Throng, and public STRIFE :
Much we convers'd of HAPPINESS to come ;
And plann'd the Scheme of calm, domestic LIFE.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Oh! whither, whither fled those social HOURS ;
When DALLIANCE wantonn'd thro' the Paths of EASE,
When smiling PLEASURE strew'd my Way with Flow'rs,
And CARE lay hush'd within the Arms of PEACE ?

XIX.

Return, return ye HOURS ! that now forfake,
Dear PARTNER of those social HOURS return !
Romantic Wish !—Can SORROW'S Voice awake
The sleeping Afhes of the FRIEND we mourn ?

XX.

Each fairy Prospect fades upon the Eye,
That EXPECTATION pictur'd late so gay ;
E'en now the blissful, sweet DELUSIONS die ;
To MEM'RY still their Raptures they display.

XXI.

Ere long, I hop'd that HYMEN might unite

Two Hearts that burn'd with PASSION's purest Blaze ;

Might crown our SUMMER with serene Delight ;

And shed Content upon our WINTRY DAYS :

XXII.

But fled are all those long-expected Joys,

Those heart-felt Joys ! which soon I meant to prove :

DEATH FANCY's golden, distant Dream destroys ;

Nor heeds th' Endearments of a mutual LOVE.

XXIII.

Far other Blifs now LEONORA knows,

In Regions ! which alone the BLEST explore ;

In happier Climes ! where Joy unmingled flows ;

Ne'er tasted on this bleak, inclement Shore.

XXIV.

XXIV.

What's worldly HAPPINESS ?—'tis tranfient, vain,
 And meteor-like fhines haft'ning to its End ;
 Deluded They ! who think it can remain,
 Or on the vifionary Good depend :

XXV.

For foon the Clouds of DISAPPOINTMENT hide
 The Sky that fmiles with HOPE's fallacious Ray,
 That on gay PLEASURE's fmoothly-flowing Tide
 Reflects the Beauties of a flatt'ring Day.

XXVI. †

Amid the Dangers of LIFE's ftormy Main
 My little Bark fhall ne'er advent'rous fail ;
 Tho' WEALTH fhould tempt me to her rich Domain,
 Tho' fair SUCCESS fhould waft the prop'rous Gale.

XXVII.

Yon HERMIT's Cell ; round whose rude Arch extends

The mossy Cov'ring NATURE's Hand has spread,
High o'er whose Top yon rifted Oak still bends,
And boastful waves its tempest-beaten Head ;

XXVIII.

I visit oft——The REV'REND FATHER tries

With PITY's Balm to mitigate my Grief,
To wipe the Tear of ANGUISH from mine Eyes,
And yield to MISERY the kind Relief.

XXIX.

There as I listen to th' instructive Lore,

And drink his moral Precept ; strait I find
Celestial COMFORT pour her lenient Store,
And sweet COMPOSURE dawn upon my Mind.

XXX.

Sometimes he'll say, while down his aged Face

In manly Sorrow streams the frequent Tear ;

“ Like thee I mourn'd, when from my warm Embrace

“ Relentless DEATH snatch'd all my Soul held dear.

XXXI.

“ Now twenty Suns their annual Course have gone ;

“ Since to this solitary Cave I fled

“ To shun ungrateful MAN, and weep alone

“ CONNUBIAL TENDERNESS for ever dead.

XXXII.

“ I once in VALOUR's Field was much renown'd,

“ CONQUEST attended ev'ry martial Toil;

“ LOVE once with flow'ry Wreaths my Temples bound ;

“ And once I bask'd in FORTUNE's sunny Smile :

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

- “ Sudden alas ! the Frowns of adverse FATE
“ Each HOPE that rose on LIFE’s gay Scene suppress’d :
“ Urg’d by DESPAIR, I sought this lone Retreat ;
“ Where calm PHILOSOPHY’s my soothing Guest.

XXXIV.

- “ Court then PHILOSOPHY — ’tis Hers t’assuage
“ Those Pangs that now deprive thy Breast of Ease ;
“ ’Tis Hers to cheer the Gloom of sorrowing AGE,
“ And give CONTENTMENT to thy future Days.”

F I N I S.

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